The Soc Credit Promise

By Supermind. Eccles-5-1 to 7.
Galations 5-19 to 26 + st Matt 12-36 & 7.

A soc credit promise is passing the buck
And hoping you'll have the best of luck
To steer the other Guy on his way
So he wont come back some other day.

Its a promise taught in Satans school
Where they don't believe in the golden rule
Where they take a chance on lady luck
When did christ try to pass the buck

None but a fool chances on luck
Deliberately tries to pass the buck
For feeble minded ne'er learn to know
We reap exactly what we sow. (Galations 6-7.)

Beware of this modern pharisee heaven (Luke 2-1 to 3 matt 12-6 to 12 Revel- 21-7 & 8 also 2-7.)
For no Liar enters the kingdom of heaven
Did God create you for a fool
Just check up on this S.C. school.

Beware of this Social Credit hot air.
That to morons seem so right & fair.
For they gulp it all hook lead & line
To toughen up on their hell so fine.

Turn page.

As ignorant as a greedy pup
For mentaly they ne'er grow up – Romans 12-1&2.
A product of Satans Worldly school
For (passing the buck) is (Their golden rule)
St John 8-44. Matt 7-12

So please pay heed to this I pray.
And do just as the scriptures say.
Just (Prove all things) you ignorant mutt
2-Thess 1-5-21
Even if you're mired in the S.C. rut.

This policy much like a sore tooth
Is to use lies to tell the Truth.
When they spew hot air from their dead-head pan
(Cursed is the man who trusts in man)
Jeremiah 17-5 to 7. (psalm 14.# 73.)

Written by Dick Latimer
The Buck Lake Savage.

P.S. hope you like this if you would like some more information of the same type let me know.
again thanking you for your kind cooperation & hoping to hear from you in the near future also wishing you the best of everything in the near future I am as ever.

Sincerely.

D. D Long.

The Cottonwood Tree

I love the Old River, that flows down the Valley
The sound of its ripple is music to me
and the splash of the Beaver, disturbed at its labour
I can hear from my home, near the Cottonwood Tree
I dream of the days when the Red Deer were plenty
The Horns of the Elk, I often do see
as I ride through the Breaks, the Bad Lands, & Coulies
so close to my home near the Cottonwood Tree
The Wintering Hills once more claimed by the Blackfeet
The Hand Hills & North belonged to the Cree
And the Buffalo graded the sides of the Coulies
so close to my home near the Cottonwood Tree.
I would like you Old River, to tell me your story
Were you ever a Glacier or part of the Sea
or only a Swamp full of terrible monsters
Like Dad carves on dead bark from a Cottonwood Tree

INSERT → see over

The nearest approach to poetry from
Bad Land Ballads for Cowboys & Kids by
"Loco" unpublished of course
Arthur Peake (Peake)

2nd verse

The Cronk of the Wild geese. ~~tells~~ when Winter is over
tells Spring time is coming & happy are we
when the Tree hawk & woodpecker settle the question
as to who has their home in the Cottonwood Tree

Dec 1 1936 SERMON.

Keep to the end of the Road & follow it with a Smile
And often you'l say to yourself. I wonder if it is worth while
Climb up the Ladder of Fate, like a fly going up on a wall
Just watch that the rungs are not broken or perhaps you will take a fall
Keeping your eyes on the Road ahead its folly to look behind
Such is the teaching of Wisdom, from Preachers to all mankind
Fail & you are only a weakling, so follow it up if you can
And when you get your Diploma, The degree will be M.A.N. man
If you should come to the jump off with no more Road in sight
Prop like a good Cowpony & turn to the left or right
The Land of Hope is before you. The Land of Despair behind
Take the Road Faith for your motto, Keeping this fact in your mind
The Lord he hateth a Piker. The Cowboys often quote
From the Old time Western Bible, that nobody ever wrote

Lord

The alchemists
Ancient and modern

The alchemists of former day
Sought ardently to find a way
To fabricate synthetic gold
And brew a potion strong and pure
To everlasting youth, ensure.

The alchemists of modern time
Seek just as earnestly to find
The golden thread of human life
And glean from nature's hidden page
A formula to defeat old age.

They labour in the field of art
Their trying ground – the human heart
Their tools, the palette – pen and lute
To set man's restless spirit free
Through beauty, truth and harmony.

G. H. Barr
2102 Scarth St.
Regina. Sask

On train
aug 25/44

Excuse the writing – this is written in the train

Sex Male

Home town Regina, Sask

my wife is President of the Art Centre association of Regina and Keeps in touch with art activities in the Prairie Provinces

art (crafts-colour)

this is the first time

the whole term

Are you working for credits? (Yes, NO) no

For my own pleasure — and for the opportunity of some instruction in painting —

It is helpful as a source of pleasant relaxation — and gives one a greater appreciation of art.

I have enjoyed the instruction under the most pleasant auspices — the spirit of good fellowship which prevails — and the opportunity of meeting the very fine types of people who attend the school

I think no one could spend a month at Banff without being a better Canadian from the experience. I think it would be a fine thing if a number of scholarships could be given in eastern Canada — to give young Canadians of ambition the chance (see remarks of Mrs Rankin — this one they would be more enthusiastic Canadians from the experience — and would take it easily as Lady Tweedsmuir's speech in Canada — rather than as

I think the school is rendering a valuable service to Canada — in helping to stimulate an interest in art — and thus counteracting the modern trend toward materialism.

— as David Grayson puts it in one of his essays — the function of the artist — whether painter, poet or musician is to keep alive in humanity the vanishing sense of free adventure.

I have written a few verses to try and indicate the service which in my opinion the artist can render to humanity — see over —

Government had a new bridge close here & some of the timber burnt in my stove was source of this. G.P.S.

OLD BRIDGE TIMBER

Old logs that burn within my grate,
For years you linked the highway road,
For years you carried many a load
And now you burn. This is your fate.

So long you carried men and things,
You serve me now. A gentle glow
Pervades this room and comfort brings,
Where all outside is cold and snow.

For many a year in days gone by
You carried loads of stock and grain
Nor groaned, but long and joyfully
Endured the heat and shed the rain.

'Till Rot attacked you, and you were
Adjudged the fate that age must own
Examined by the engineer,
You must come down; your strength is gone.

Years ere the axeman cut you down,
Your mighty trunk the forest knew.
Deep shade you gave beneath your crown,
Always a servant tried and true.

Full many a shapely seed you dropped,
And Nature's Cycle carried on;
So thus the Race is never stopped,
Nor aught lost to oblivion.

Here paused the deer, but quick elated,
Threw up his head and pawed the ground.
The seed was covered, germinated,
So runs the eternal Circle round.

Thus Seeming Chance was yet, in truth
Part of the Great Eternal Plan;
And Death is linked with Life in sooth';
Thus hath it been since Life began.

A winter passed, and then emerged
A tiny resinous tender shoot;
And ever up the Sap-stream urged,
As downward reached the anchoring root.

The Decades passed. Your seed became
A swaying bond 'twixt earth and sky;
A Branching Life nor wild nor tame,
A Milestone to Eternity.

You had your term of joy, Old Tree,
Of Wind and Sun, th'allotted span;
Submissively by Fate's decree
To fill the various needs of man.

In life, th'aesthetic sense to feed,
This was your joy for many a year.
In death - To fill commercial need,
Till at long last Time brought you here.

Always you served - and grateful I
Can bless this service ultimate,
And hear you crackling cheerfully
Your song of death - a kindly fate.

Goodbye Old Friend; and bless the heat
You give ere you dissolve in smoke,
Which lets us the cold weather cheat,
And turn a hardship into joke.

J. P. S. Jan. 1940.

THOUGHTS OF A FIGHTER PILOT

In an instant they flash through my mind,
Those that I love whom I leave behind.
I can see her face the day we parted,
She was not poised, nor cooled-hearted;
She smiled with her lips, not with her eyes,
She had stilled her weeping and saved her sighs.
They stood beside her, so sweet and good,
So very small---but they understood;
Faced me with half bewildered eyes,
Giving their father to the skies.

Now, as I wait for my prey to come in sight,
I say to myself, why do I fight?
Surely some German child lisps a prayer,
And prays for his father in in the air?
And do not German maids' eyes of blue
Hold sorrow for thwir husbands too?
But no, those children know no God,
Worship nothing but German sod.
No woman stays at home to wait,
Her greatest love is for the state.

I clasp my gun with a trembling hand,
For now, at last, I understand.
I aim . . . and murmur while my blood runs chill
"Forgive me Lord, it is for thee I kill."

-----Nellie Gowans

The day had brooded quietly since morn,
Wet bits of snow were sparsely drifting down,
And melting briefly into the soft black
Of earthy bypaths, trodden with old leaves
And last year's grass, which hid brown shallow pools.
It was a day to speak of tragedy
In even tones, as well befitting all
The timeless atmosphere of earth and air,
As naked trees, or stones, or damp brush-wood.
All sense engendered a delicious spell
Of melancholy, wistful, as for things
Renounced, yet still serene, with no regret.
I labored long, in books of ancient lore,
Myself to seek, to teach, to find, to know;
Brown crackling covers, brittle pages old
Yilded men's thought concerning human woe
At dusk I raised my head, still were the skies.
One single thought arose, without my soul,
My thoughts were elsewhere, turned to scholarship.
Yet this one voice, the word of all who late
Have greatly labored in the schools of Time:
"He who upon his shoulders seeks to bear
Of knowledge all the burden, takes also
The duty of that wisdom's stewardship.
The task to render knowledge fit for use
To ease the suffering lot of human ills."
Far lifted, shone the quiet strong grey clouds.

G. E. Funk